A POEM ON THE LAST DAY.

In Three Books.

Venit Summa Dies. ——— VIRG.

VERSES
TO THE
AUTHOR.

NOW let the Atheiſt tremble; thou alone
Canſt bid his conſcious heart the Godhead own.
Whom ſhalt thou not reform? O thou haſt ſeen,
How God deſcends to judge the ſouls of men.
Thou heardſt the ſentence how the guilty mourn,
Driv'n out from God, and never muſt return!

YET more, behold ten thouſand thunders fall,
And ſudden vengeance wrap the flaming ball:
When nature ſunk, when every bolt was hurl'd,
Thou ſawſt the boundleſs ruins of the world.

WHEN guilty Sodom felt the burning rain,
And ſulphur fell on the devoted plain;
The Patriarch thus the fiery tempeſt paſt,
With pious horror view'd the deſart waſte;
The reſtleſs ſmoke ſtill wav'd its curls around,
For ever riſing from the glowing ground.

BUT tell me, oh! what heav'nly pleaſure tell,
To think ſo greatly, and deſcribe ſo well!
How waſt thou pleas'd the wond'rous theme to try,
And find the thought of man could riſe ſo high?
Beyond this world the labour to purſue,
And open all ETERNITY to view?

BUT

To Dr. YOUNG.

But thou art best delighted to rehearse
Heaven's holy dictates in exalted verse:
O thou hast pow'r the harden'd heart to warm,
To grieve, to raise, to terrify, to charm;
To fix the soul on God; to teach the mind
To know the dignity of human-kind;
By stricter rules well-govern'd life to scan,
And practise o'er the angel in the man.

Magd. Col.
Oxon.

T. WHARTON.

To a LADY, with THE LAST DAY.

MADAM,

HERE, ſacred truths, in loſty numbers told,
The proſpect of a future ſtate unfold:
The realms of night to mortal view diſplay,
And the glad regions of eternal day.
This daring author ſcorns, by vulgar ways
Of guilty wit, to merit worthleſs praiſe.
Full of her glorious theme, his tow'ring muſe,
With gen'rous zeal a nobler flame purſues:
Religion's cauſe her raviſh'd heart inſpires,
And with a thouſand bright ideas fires;
Tranſports her quick, impatient, piercing eye,
O'er the ſtrait limits of mortality,
To boundleſs orbs, and bids her fearleſs ſoar
Where only MILTON gain'd renown before;
Where various ſcenes alternately excite
Amazement, pity, terror, and delight.

THUS did the muſes ſing in early times,
'Ere ſkill'd to flatter vice, and varniſh crimes:
Their lyres were tun'd to virtuous ſongs alone,
And the chaſte poet, and the prieſt, were one.
But now, forgetful of their infant ſtate,
They ſoothe the wanton pleaſures of the great:
And from the preſs, and the licentious ſtage,
With luſcious poiſon taint the thoughtleſs age;
Deceitful charms attract our wond'ring eyes,
And ſpecious ruin unſuſpected lyes.
So the rich ſoil of India's blooming ſhores,
Adorn'd with laviſh nature's choiceſt ſtores,

Where

Where ſerpents lurk, by flow'rs conceal'd from ſight,
Hides fatal danger under gay delight.

THESE purer thoughts, from groſs allays refin'd,
With heav'nly raptures elevate the mind:
Not fram'd to raiſe a giddy ſhort-liv'd joy,
Whoſe falſe allurements, while they pleaſe, deſtroy;
But bliſs reſembling that of ſaints above,
Sprung from the viſion of th' Almighty's love:
Firm, ſolid bliſs, forever great and new,
The more 'tis known, the more admir'd, like you;
Like you, fair nymph, in whom united meet
Endearing ſweetneſs, unaffected wit,
And all the glories of your ſparkling race,
While inward virtues heighten ev'ry grace.
By theſe ſecur'd, you will with pleaſure read
" Of future judgment, and the riſing dead;
" Of time's grand period, heav'n and earth o'erthrown;
" And gaſping nature's laſt tremenduous groan."
Theſe, when the ſtars and ſun ſhall be no more,
Shall beauty to your ravag'd form reſtore:
Then ſhall you ſhine with an immortal ray,
Improv'd by death, and brighten'd by decay.

Pemb. Col.
Oxon.

T. TRISTRAM.

To Dr. YOUNG.

On his *Laſt Day*, and *Univerſal Paſſion*.

AND muſt it be as thou has ſung,
Celeſtial bard, ſeraphic YOUNG?
Will there no trace, no point be found
Of all this ſpacious glorious round?
Yon lamps of night, muſt they decay?
On nature's ſelf deſtruction prey?
Then fame, the moſt immortal thing
Ev'n thou can'ſt hope, is on the wing.
Shall NEWTON's ſyſtem be admir'd,
When time and motion are expir'd?
Shall ſouls be curious to explore
Who rul'd an orb that is no more?
Or ſhall they quote the pictur'd age,
From POPE's and thy corrective page,
When vice and virtue loſe their name
In deathleſs joy, or endleſs ſhame?
While wears away the grand machine,
The works of genius ſhall be ſeen?
Beyond, what laurels can there be,
For HOMER, HORACE, POPE, or THEE?
Thro' life we chaſe, with fond purſuit,
What mocks our hope, like Sodom's fruit:
And ſure, thy plan was well deſign'd,
To cure this madneſs of the mind;
Firſt, beyond time, our thoughts to raiſe;
Then laſh our love of tranſient praiſe.
In both, we own thy doctrine juſt;
And fame's a breath, and men are duſt.

1736. J. BANCKS.

THE

THE
LAST DAY.

BOOK I.

Ipſe pater, media nimborum in nocte, coruſca
Fulmina molitur dextra; quo maxima motu
Terra tremit, fugere feræ, & mortalia corda
Per gentes humilis ſtravit pavor.—— VIRG.

WHILE others ſing the fortune of the great;
Empire and arms, and all the pomp of ſtate;
With Britain's Hero † ſet their ſouls on fire,
And grow immortal as his deeds inſpire;
I draw a deeper ſcene: a ſcene that yields
A louder trumpet, and more dreadful fields;
The world alarm'd, both earth and heav'n o'erthrown,
And gaſping nature's laſt tremenduous groan;
Death's ancient ſceptre broke, the teeming tomb,
The righteous judge, and man's eternal doom.

'TWIXT joy and pain I view the bold deſign,
And aſk my anxious heart, if it be mine.
Whatever great or dreadful has been done,
Within the ſight of conſcious ſtars or ſun,
Is far beneath my daring: I look down
On all the ſplendors of the Britiſh crown.

† The duke of Marlborough.

This globe is for my verſe a narrow bound;
Attend me all ye glorious worlds around!
Oh! all ye angels, howſoe'er disjoin'd,
Of ev'ry various order, place, and kind,
Hear and aſſiſt a feeble mortal's lays,
'Tis your Eternal King I ſtrive to praiſe.

But chiefly Thou, Great Ruler! Lord of all!
Before whoſe throne archangels proſtrate fall;
If at thy nod, from diſcord and from night
Sprang beauty, and yon ſparkling worlds of light,
Exalt ev'n me; all inward tumults quell;
The clouds and darkneſs of my mind diſpel;
To my great ſubject thou my breaſt inſpire,
And raiſe my labouring ſoul with equal fire.

Man, bear thy brow aloft, view ev'ry grace
In God's great offspring, beauteous nature's face:
See ſpring's gay bloom; ſee golden autumn's ſtore;
See how earth ſmiles, and hear old ocean roar.
Leviathans but heave their cumb'rous mail,
It makes a tide, and wind-bound navies ſail.
Here, foreſts riſe, the mountains awful pride;
Here, rivers meaſure climes, and worlds divide:
There, vallies fraught with gold's reſplendent ſeeds,
Hold kings, and kingdoms fortunes in their beds:
There, to the ſkies, aſpiring hills aſcend,
And into diſtant lands their ſhades extend.
View cities, armies, fleets; of fleets the pride,
See Europe's law, in Albion's channel ride.
View the whole earth's vaſt landſkip unconfin'd,
Or view in Britain all her glories join'd.

Then let the firmament thy wonder raiſe;
'Twill raiſe thy wonder, but tranſcend thy praiſe.
How far from eaſt to weſt? the labouring eye
Can ſcarce the diſtant azure bounds deſcry:
Wide theatre! where tempeſts play at large,
And God's right-hand can all its wrath diſcharge.
Mark how thoſe radiant lamps inflame the pole,
Call forth the ſeaſons, and the year controul:
They ſhine thro' time, with an unalter'd ray:
See this grand period riſe, and that decay:
So vaſt, this world's a grain; yet myriads grace
With golden pomp the throng'd ethereal ſpace;
So bright, with ſuch a wealth of glory ſtor'd,
'Twere ſin in heathens not to have ador'd.

How great, how firm, how ſacred all appears!
How worthy an immortal round of years!
Yet all muſt drop, as autumn's ſickleſt grain,
And earth and firmament be ſought in vain:
The tract forgot where conſtellations ſhone,
Or where the Stuarts fill'd an awful throne:
Time ſhall be ſlain, all nature be deſtroy'd,
Nor leave an atom in the mighty void.

Sooner, or later, in ſome future date,
(A dreadful ſecret in the book of fate!)
This hour, for aught all human wiſdom knows,
Or when ten thouſand harveſts more have roſe;
When ſcenes are chang'd on this revolving earth,
Old empires fall, and give new empires birth:
While other Bourbons rule in other lands,
And (if man's ſin forbids not) other Annes:

While the ſtill buſy world is treading o'er
The paths they trod five thouſand years before,
Thoughtleſs as thoſe who now life's mazes run,
Of earth diſſolv'd, or an extinguiſh'd ſun.

(Ye ſublunary worlds, awake, awake!
Ye rulers of the nations, hear and ſhake!)
Thick clouds of darkneſs ſhall ariſe one day,
In ſudden night all earth's dominions lay;
Impetuous winds the ſcatter'd foreſts rend,
Eternal mountains like their cedars bend;
The valleys yawn, the troubled ocean roar,
And break the bondage of his wonted ſhore;
A ſanguine ſtain the ſilver moon o'erſpread,
Darkneſs the circle of the ſun invade;
From inmoſt heav'n inceſſant thunders roll,
And the ſtrong echo bound from pole to pole.

When lo! a mighty trump, one half conceal'd
In clouds, one half to mortal eye reveal'd,
Shall pour a dreadful note: the piercing call
Shall rattle in the centre of the ball;
Th' extended circuit of creation ſhake,
The living die with fear, the dead awake.

Oh pow'rful blaſt! to which no equal ſound
Did e'er the frighted ear of nature wound,
Tho' rival clarions have been ſtrain'd on high,
And kindled wars immortal thro' the ſky,
Tho' God's whole enginry diſcharg'd, and all
The rebel angels bellow'd in their fall.

Have angels ſinn'd? and ſhall not man beware?
How ſhall a ſon of earth decline the ſnare?
Not folded arms, and ſlackneſs of the mind,
Can promiſe for the ſafety of mankind.
None are ſupinely good: thro' care and pain,
And various arts, the ſteep aſcent we gain.
This is the ſcene of combat, not of reſt,
Man's is laborious happineſs at beſt;
On this ſide death his dangers never ceaſe,
His joys are joys of conqueſt, not of peace.

If then, obſequious to the will of fate,
And bending to the terms of human ſtate,
When guilty joys invite us to their arms,
When beauty ſmiles, or grandeur ſpreads her charms,
The conſcious ſoul would this great ſcene diſplay,
Call down th'immortal hoſts in dread array,
The trumpet ſound, the Chriſtian banner ſpread,
And raiſe from ſilent graves the trembling dead;
Such deep impreſſion would the picture make,
No pow'r on earth her firm reſolve could ſhake;
Engag'd with angels, ſhe would greatly ſtand,
And look regardleſs down on ſea and land:
Not proferr'd worlds her ardour could reſtrain,
And death might ſhake his threat'ning launce in vain;
Her certain conqueſt would endear the fight,
And danger ſerve but to ſupply delight.

Instructed thus to ſhun the fatal ſpring,
Whence flow the terrors of that Day I ſing;
More boldly we our labours may purſue,
And all the dreadful image ſet to view.

The

The ſparkling eye, the ſleek and painted breaſt,
The burniſh'd ſcale, curl'd train, and riſing creſt,
All that is lovely in the noxious ſnake,
Provokes our fear, and bids us fly the brake:
The ſting once drawn, his guiltleſs beauties riſe
In pleaſing luſtre, and detain our eyes;
We view with joy, what once did horror move,
And ſtrong averſion ſoftens into love.

Say then, my muſe, whom diſmal ſcenes delight,
Frequent at tombs, and in the realms of night;
Say, melancholy maid, if bold to dare
The laſt extremes of terror and deſpair,
Oh ſay, what change on earth, what heart in man,
This blackeſt moment ſince the world began!

Ah mournful turn! the bliſsful earth, who late
At leiſure on her axle roll'd in ſtate;
While thouſand golden planets knew no reſt,
Still onward in their circling journey preſt;
A grateful change of ſeaſons ſome to bring,
And ſweet viciſſitude of fall and ſpring:
Some thro' vaſt oceans to conduct the keel,
And ſome thoſe wat'ry worlds to ſink, or ſwell:
Around her ſome their ſplendors to diſplay,
And gild her globe with tributary day:
This world ſo great, of joy the bright abode,
Heav'n's darling child, and fav'rite of her God,
Now looks an exile from her father's care,
Deliver'd o'er to darkneſs and deſpair.
No ſun in radiant glory ſhines on high;
No light, but from the terrors of the ſky:

Fall'n

Fall'n are her mountains, her fam'd rivers loſt,
And all into a ſecond Chaos toſt:
One univerſal ruin ſpreads abroad;
Nothing is ſafe beneath the throne of God.

Such, earth, thy fate: what then canſt thou afford
To comfort, and ſupport thy guilty lord?
Man, haughty lord of all beneath the moon,
How muſt he bend his ſoul's ambition down?
Proſtrate the reptile own, and diſavow
His boaſted ſtature, and aſſuming brow?
Claim kindred with the clay, and curſe his form,
That ſpeaks diſtinction from his ſiſter worm?
What dreadful pangs the trembling heart invade?
Lord, why doſt thou forſake, whom thou haſt made?
Who can ſuſtain thy anger? who can ſtand
Beneath the terrors of thy lifted hand?
It flies the reach of thought; Oh ſave me, pow'r
Of pow'rs ſupreme, in that tremend'ous hour!
Thou, who beneath the frown of fate haſt ſtood,
And in thy dreadful agony ſweat blood;
Thou, who for me thro' every throbbing vein
Haſt felt the keeneſt edge of mortal pain;
Whom death led captive thro' the realms below,
And taught thoſe horrid myſteries of woe;
Defend me, O my God! Oh ſave me, Pow'r
Of pow'rs ſupreme, in that tremend'ous hour!

From eaſt to weſt they fly, from pole to line,
Imploring ſhelter from the wrath divine;
Beg flames to wrap, or whelming ſeas to ſweep,
Or rocks to yawn compaſſionately deep:

Scar

Seas caſt the monſter forth to meet his doom,
And rocks but priſon up for wrath to come.

So fares a traitor to an earthly crown:
While death ſits threat'ning in his prince's frown,
His heart's diſmay'd; and now his fears command
To change his native for a diſtant land:
Swift orders fly, the king's ſevere decree
Stands in the channel, and locks up the ſea;
The port he ſeeks, obedient to her lord,
Hurls back the rebel to his lifted ſword.

But why this idle toil to paint That Day?
This time elaborately thrown away?
Words all in vain pant after the diſtreſs;
The height of eloquence would make it leſs:
Heav'ns! ev'n the good man trembles----

And is there a Laſt Day? and muſt there come
A ſure, a fix'd, inexorable doom?
Ambition ſwell, and, thy proud ſails to ſhow,
Take all the winds that vanity can blow:
Wealth, on a golden mountain blazing ſtand,
And reach an India forth in either hand;
Spread all thy purple cluſters, tempting Vine:
And Thou, more dreaded foe, bright Beauty ſhine;
Shine All; in all your charms together riſe;
That all in all your charms, I may deſpiſe,
While I mount upward on a ſtrong deſire,
Borne, like Elijah, in a car of fire.

In

In hopes of glory to be quite involv'd!
To ſmile at death! to long to be diſſolv'd!
From our decays a pleaſure to receive!
And kindle into tranſport at a grave!
What equals This? and ſhall the victor now
Boaſt the proud laurels on his loaded brow?
Religion! Oh thou cherub, heav'nly bright!
Oh joys unmix'd, and fathomleſs delight!
Thou, thou art All; nor find I in the whole
Creation aught, but God and my own ſoul.

For ever then, my ſoul, thy God adore,
Nor let the brute creation praiſe him more.
Shall things inanimate my conduct blame,
And fluſh my conſcious cheek with ſpreading ſhame?
They all for him purſue, or quit their end;
The mounting flames their burning pow'r ſuſpend;
In ſolid heaps th' unfrozen billows ſtand,
To reſt and ſilence aw'd by his command:
Nay, the dire monſters that infeſt the flood,
By nature dreadful, and a-thirſt for blood,
His will can calm, their ſavage tempers bind,
And turn to mild protectors of mankind.
Did not the prophet this great truth maintain
In the deep chambers of the gloomy main;
When darkneſs round him all her horrors ſpread,
And the ſea bellow'd o'er his ſinking head?

When now the thunder roars, the lightning flies,
And all the warring winds tumultuous riſe;
When now the foaming ſurges toſt on high,
Diſcloſe the ſands beneath, and touch the ſky;

When

When death draws near, the mariners aghaſt
Look back with terror on their actions paſt;
Their courage ſickens into deep diſmay,
Their hearts thro' fear and anguiſh melt away;
Nor tears, nor pray'rs, the tempeſt can appeaſe;
Now they devote their treaſure to the ſeas;
Unload their ſhatter'd barque, tho' richly fraught,
And think the hopes of life are cheaply bought
With gems and gold; but oh, the ſtorm ſo high!
Nor gems nor gold the hopes of life can buy.

The trembling prophet then, themſelves to ſave,
They headlong plunge into the briny wave;
Down he deſcends, and booming o'er his head
The billows cloſe; he's number'd with the dead.
(Hear, O ye juſt! attend ye virtuous few!
And the bright paths of piety purſue.)
Lo! the great ruler of the world from high
Looks ſmiling down with a propitious eye,
Covers his ſervant with his gracious hand,
And bids tempeſtuous nature ſilent ſtand;
Commands the peaceful waters to give place,
Or kindly fold him in a ſoft embrace:
He bridles in the monſters of the deep,
The bridled monſters awful diſtance keep;
Forget their hunger, while they view their prey;
And guiltleſs gaze, and round the ſtranger play.

But ſtill ariſe new wonders; nature's lord
Sends forth into the deep his pow'rful word,
And calls the great Leyiathan: the great
Leviathan attends in all his ſtate;

Exults

Exults for joy, and with a mighty bound
Makes the ſea ſhake, and heav'n and earth reſound;
Blackens the waters with the riſing ſand,
And drives vaſt billows to the diſtant land.

As yawns an earthquake, when impriſon'd air
Struggles for vent, and lays the centre bare,
The whale expands his jaws enormous ſize:
The prophet views the cavern with ſurprize;
Meaſures his monſtrous teeth afar deſcry'd,
And rolls his wondring eyes from ſide to ſide:
Then takes poſſeſſion of the ſpacious ſeat,
And ſails ſecure within the dark retreat.

Now is he pleas'd the northern blaſt to hear,
And hangs on liquid mountains void of fear;
Or falls immerſt into the depths below,
Where the dead ſilent waters never flow;
To the foundations of the hills convey'd,
Dwells in the ſhelving mountains dreadful ſhade:
Where plummet never reach'd, he draws his breath,
And glides ſerenely thro' the paths of death.

Two wondrous days and nights thro' coral groves,
Thro' labyrinths of rocks, and ſands he roves:
When the third morning with its level rays
The mountains gilds, and on the billows plays,
It ſees the king of waters riſe, and pour
His ſacred gueſt uninjur'd on the ſhore:
A type of that great bleſſing, which the muſe
In her next labour ardently purſues.

THE

THE LAST DAY.

BOOK II.

——Ἐκ γαίης ἐλπίζομεν ἐς φάος ἐλθειν
Λειψαν ἀποιχομένων; ὀπίσω δὲ θεοὶ τελέθονται.
PHOCYL.

i. e.

—We hope that the departed will riſe again from the duſt: after which, like the gods, they will be immortal.

NOW man awakes, and from his ſilent bed,
Where he has ſlept for ages, lifts his head;
Shakes off the ſlumber of ten thouſand years,
And on the borders of new worlds appears.
Whate'er the bold, the raſh adventure coſt,
In wide Eternity I dare be loſt.
The muſe is wont in narrow bounds to ſing,
To teach the ſwain, or celebrate the king:
I graſp the whole, no more to parts confin'd,
I lift my voice, and ſing to Human-kind:
I ſing to men and angels; angels join,
While ſuch the theme, their ſacred ſongs with mine.

AGAIN the trumpet's intermitted ſound
Rolls the wide circuit of creation round,
An univerſal concourſe to prepare
Of all that ever breath'd the vital air;

In

In ſome wide field, which active whirlwinds ſweep,
Drive cities, foreſts, mountains to the deep,
To ſmooth and lengthen out th' unbounded ſpace,
And ſpread an area for all human race.

Now monuments prove faithful to their truſt,
And render back their long committed duſt.
Now charnels rattle; ſcatter'd limbs, and all
The various bones, obſequious to the call,
Self-mov'd advance; the neck perhaps to meet
The diſtant head, the diſtant legs the feet.
Dreadful to view, ſee through the duſky ſky
Fragments of bodies in confuſion fly,
To diſtant regions journeying, there to claim
Deſerted members, and complete the frame.

When the world bow'd to Rome's almighty ſword,
Rome bow'd to Pompey, and confeſs'd her lord.
Yet one day loſt, this deity below
Became the ſcorn and pity of his foe.
His blood a traitor's ſacrifice was made,
And ſmoak'd indignant on a ruffian's blade.
No trumpet's ſound, no gaſping army's yell,
Bid with due horror his great ſoul farewel.
Obſcure his fall! all welt'ring in his gore,
His trunk was caſt to periſh on the ſhore!
While Julius frown'd the bloody monſter dead,
Who brought the world in his great rival's head.
This ſever'd head and trunk ſhall join once more,
Tho' realms now riſe between, and oceans roar.
The trumpet's ſound each vagrant mote ſhall hear,
Or fix'd in earth, or if a-float in air,

Obey

Obey the ſignal wafted in the wind,
And not one ſleeping atom lag behind.

So ſwarming bees, that on a ſummer's day
In airy rings, and wild meanders play,
Charm'd with the brazen ſound, their wand'rings end,
And gently circling on a bough deſcend.

The body thus renew'd, the conſcious ſoul,
Which has perhaps been flutt'ring near the pole,
Or 'midſt the burning planets wond'ring ſtray'd,
Or hover'd o'er where her pale corpſe was laid;
Or rather coaſted on her final ſtate,
And fear'd, or wiſh'd for her appointed fate:
This ſoul returning with a conſtant flame,
Now weds forever her immortal frame.
Life, which ran down before, ſo high is wound,
The ſprings maintain an everlaſting round.

Thus a frail model of the work deſign'd
Firſt takes a copy of the builder's mind,
Before the ſtructure firm with laſting oak,
And marble bowels of the ſolid rock,
Turns the ſtrong arch, and bids the columns riſe,
And bear the lofty palace to the ſkies;
The wrongs of time enabled to ſurpaſs,
With bars of adamant, and ribs of braſs.

That ancient, ſacred, and illuſtrious † dome,
Where ſoon or late fair Albion's heroes come,

† Weſtminſter-Abbey.

From

From camps, and courts, tho' great, and wiſe, and juſt,
To feed the worm, and moulder into duſt;
That ſolemn manſion of the royal dead,
Where paſſing ſlaves o'er ſleeping monarchs tread,
Now populous o'erflows: A numerous race
Of riſing kings fills all th' extended ſpace:
A life well ſpent, not the victorious ſword,
Awards the crown, and ſtiles the greater lord.

Nor monuments alone, and burial-earth,
Labours with man to this his ſecond birth;
But where gay palaces in pomp ariſe,
And gilded theatres invade the ſkies,
Nations ſhall wake, whoſe unreſpected bones
Support the pride of their luxurious ſons.
The moſt magnificent and coſtly dome,
Is but an upper chamber to a tomb.
No ſpot, on earth, but has ſupply'd a grave,
And human ſkulls the ſpacious ocean pave.
All's full of man, and at this dreadful turn,
The ſwarm ſhall iſſue, and the hive ſhall burn.

Not all at once, nor in like manner riſe:
Some lift with pain their ſlow unwilling eyes;
Shrink backward from the terror of the light,
And bleſs the grave, and call for laſting night.
Others, whoſe long-attempted virtue ſtood
Fix'd as a rock, and broke the ruſhing flood,
Whoſe firm reſolve, nor beauty could melt down,
Nor raging tyrants from their poſture frown;
Such in this day of horrors ſhall be ſeen,
To face the thunders with a godlike mien;

The

The planets drop, their thoughts are fix'd above;
The centre ſhakes, their hearts diſdain to move:
An earth diſſolving, and a heav'n thrown wide,
A yawning gulph, and fiends on every ſide,
Serene they view, impatient of delay,
And bleſs the dawn of everlaſting day.

Oh wond'rous change! what unknown objects riſe,
Shake my belief, and fill me with ſurprize?
Here, Greatneſs proſtrate falls; there, Strength gives place;
Here, Lazars ſmile; there, Beauty hides her face.
Chriſtians, and Jews, and Turks, and Pagans ſtand,
A blended throng, one undiſtinguiſh'd band.
Some who perhaps by mutual wounds expir'd,
With zeal for their diſtinct perſuaſions fir'd,
In mutual friendſhip their long ſlumber break,
And hand in hand their Saviour's love partake.

But none are fluſh'd with brighter joy, or warm
With juſter confidence enjoy the ſtorm,
Than thoſe, whoſe pious bounties unconfin'd
Have made them public fathers of mankind.
In that illuſtrious rank, what ſhining light
With ſuch diſtinguiſh'd glory fills my ſight?
Bend down, my grateful muſe, that homage ſhew,
Which to ſuch worthies thou art proud to owe.
Wickham! Fox! Chichley! hail illuſtrious *names,
Who to far diſtant times diſpenſe your beams;

* Founders of New-College, Corpus-Chriſti, and All-Souls in Oxford.

Beneath

Beneath your ſhades, and near your chryſtal ſprings,
I firſt preſum'd to touch the trembling ſtrings.
All hail, thrice-honour'd! 'twas your great renown
To bleſs a people, and oblige a crown.
When other records length of years ſhall blaſt,
In your adopted ſons your fame ſhall laſt,
And make thoſe kings to lateſt ages known,
Thoſe happy monarchs, under whom you ſhone;
A moment ſhone, illuſtriouſly bright,
Then left the mourning world, and ſet in night;
But now you riſe eternally to ſhine,
Eternally to drink the rays divine.

Indulgent God! oh how ſhall mortal raiſe
His ſoul to due returns of grateful praiſe,
For bounty ſo profuſe to human-kind,
Thy wond'rous gift of an eternal mind?
Shall I, who ſome few years ago was leſs
Than worm, or mite, or ſhadow can expreſs,
Was nothing; ſhall I live, when ev'ry fire
Of ev'ry ſtar ſhall languiſh or expire?
When earth's no more, ſhall I ſurvive above,
And through the radiant files of angels move?
Or, as before the throne of God I ſtand,
See new worlds rolling from his ſpacious hand,
Where our adventures ſhall perhaps be taught,
As we now tell how Michael ſung or fought?
All that has being in full concert join,
And celebrate the depths of Love Divine!

But oh! before this bliſsful ſtate, before
Th' aſpiring ſoul this wond'rous height can ſoar,

The

The judge deſcending, thunders from afar,
And all mankind is ſummon'd to the bar.

This mighty ſcene I next preſume to draw:
Attend, great Anna, with religious awe.
Expect not here the known ſucceſsful arts
To win attention, and command our hearts:
Fiction be far away, let no machine
Deſcending here, no fabled god be ſeen;
Behold the God of gods indeed deſcend,
And worlds unnumber'd his approach attend.

Lo! the wide theatre, whoſe ample ſpace
Muſt entertain the whole of human race,
At heav'n's all-pow'rful edict is prepar'd,
And fenc'd around with an immortal guard.
Tribes, provinces, dominions, worlds o'erflow
The mighty plain, and deluge all below:
And every age, and nation pours along;
Nimrod and Bourbon mingle in the throng:
Adam ſalutes his youngeſt ſon; no ſign
Of all thoſe ages, which their births disjoin.

How empty learning, and how vain is art,
But as it mends the life, and guides the heart?
What volumes have been ſwell'd, what time been ſpent,
To fix a hero's birth-day or deſcent?
What joy muſt it now yield, what rapture raiſe,
To ſee the glorious race of ancient days?
To greet thoſe worthies, who perhaps have ſtood
Illuſtrious on record before the flood?

Alas!

Alas! a nearer care your ſoul demands,
Cæsar un-noted in your preſence ſtands.

How vaſt the concourſe, not in number more
The waves that break on the reſounding ſhore,
The leaves that tremble in the ſhady grove,
The lamps that gild the ſpangled vaults above.
Thoſe overwhelming armies, whoſe command
Said to one empire, Fall; another, Stand:
Whoſe rear lay wrapt in night, while breaking dawn
Rouz'd the broad front, and call'd the battle on:
Great Xerxes' world in arms, proud Cannæ's field,
Where Carthage taught victorious Rome to yield;
(Another blow had broke the fates decree,
And earth had wanted her fourth monarchy.)
Immortal Blenheim, fam'd Ramillia's hoſt,
They all are here, and here they all are loſt:
Their millions ſwell to be diſcern'd in vain,
Loſt as a billow in th' unbounded main.

This echoing voice now rends the yielding air,
"For Judgment, Judgment, ſons of men prepare!
Earth ſhakes a-new, I hear her groans profound,
And hell thro' all her trembling realms reſound.

Whoe'er thou art, thou greateſt power of earth,
Bleſt with moſt equal planets at thy birth;
Whoſe valour drew the moſt ſucceſsful ſword,
Moſt realms united in one common lord;
Who on the day of triumph ſaidſt, Be thine
The ſkies, Jehovah, all the world is mine:

Dare not to lift thine eye.---Alas! my muſe,
How art thou loſt? what numbers canſt thou chuſe?

A sudden bluſh inflames the waving ſky,
And now the crimſon curtains open fly;
Lo! far within, and far above all height,
Where heav'n's great ſov'reign reigns in worlds of light,
Whence nature he informs, and with one ray
Shot from his eye, does all her works ſurvey,
Creates, ſupports, confounds! where time and place,
Matter and form, and fortune, life and grace,
Wait humbly at the footſtool of their God,
And move obedient at his awful nod;
Whence he beholds us, vagrant emmets, crawl
At random on this air-ſuſpended ball,
(Speck of creation) if he pour one breath,
The bubble breaks, and 'tis eternal death.

Thence iſſuing I behold (but mortal ſight
Suſtains not ſuch a ruſhing ſea of light!)
I ſee on an empyreal flying throne,
Awfully rais'd, heav'n's everlaſting Son;
Crown'd with that majeſty which form'd the world,
And the grand rebel flaming downward hurl'd.
Virtue, dominion, praiſe, omnipotence,
Support the train of their triumphant prince.
A zone, beyond the thought of angels bright,
Around him, like the zodiac, winds its light.
Night ſhades the ſolemn arches of his brows,
And in his cheek the purple morning glows.

Where'er

Where'er ſerene he turns propitious eyes,
Or we expect, or find a Paradiſe:
But if reſentment reddens their mild beams,
The Eden kindles, and the world 's in flames.
On one hand knowledge ſhines in pureſt light,
On one the ſword of juſtice fiercely bright.
Now bend the knee in ſport, preſent the reed,
Now tell the ſcourg'd impoſtor he ſhall bleed!

But oh! ye ſons of men, exalt your voice,
And bid the ſoul thro' all her pow'rs rejoice:
Mercy, his darling, in his boſom found,
Scatters ambroſial odours all around;
Unbends his brow, and mitigates his frown,
And ſooths his rage, and melts his thunder down.
My thoughts are changed; now man exalt thine eye,
In thy dread judge thy dear redeemer ſpy:
E'en Judas ſtruggles his deſpair to quell;
Hope almoſt bloſſoms in the ſhades of hell.

Thus glorious thro' the courts of heav'n, the ſource
Of life and death eternal bends his courſe;
Loud thunders round him roll, and lightnings play,
Th' angelic hoſt is rang'd in bright array:
Some touch the ſtring, ſome ſtrike the ſounding ſhell,
And mingling voices with rich concert ſwell;
Voices ſeraphic, bleſt with ſuch a ſtrain,
Could Satan hear, he were a god again:
All heav'n ſhines forth, in all her pomp complete,
For God, himſelf, magnificently great.

Triumphant king of glory! ſoul of bliſs!
What a ſtupend'ous turn of fate is this?
Oh! whither art thou rais'd above the ſcorn
And indigence of him in Bethlem born,
A needy, helpleſs, unaccounted gueſt,
And but a ſecond to the fodder'd beaſt?
How chang'd from him who meekly proſtrate laid,
Vouchſaf'd to waſh the feet himſelf had made?
From him who was betray'd, forſook, deny'd,
Wept, languiſh'd, pray'd, bled, thirſted, groan'd, and dy'd;
Hung pierc'd and bare, inſulted by the foe,
All heav'n in tears above, earth unconcern'd below.

And was 't enough to bid the ſun retire?
Why did not nature at thy groan expire?
I ſee, I hear, I feel the pangs divine,
The world is vaniſh'd----I am wholly thine.

Mistaken Caiaphas! ah! which blaſphem'd,
Thou or thy pris'ner? which ſhall be condemn'd?
Well might'ſt thou rend thy garments, well exclaim;
Deep are the horrors of eternal flame!
But God is good! 'Tis wondrous all! ev'n he
Thou gav'ſt to death, ſhame, torture, dy'd for thee.

Now the deſcending triumph ſtops its flight
From earth full twice a planetary height.
There all the clouds, condens'd, two columns raiſe,
Diſtinct with orient veins and golden blaze.
One fix'd on earth, and one on ſea, and round
Its ample foot the ſwelling billows ſound.

Theſe an immeaſureable arch ſupport,
The grand tribunal of this awful court.
Sheets of bright azure, from the pureſt ſky,
Stream from the chryſtal arch, and round the columns fly.
Death wrapt in chains low at the baſis lyes,
And on the point of his own arrow dies.

Here high enthron'd th' eternal Judge is plac'd,
With all the grandeur of his godhead grac'd;
Stars on his robes in beauteous order meet,
And the ſun burns beneath his dreadful feet.

Now an archangel, eminently bright,
From off his ſilver ſtaff of wondrous height,
Unfurls the Chriſtian flag, which waving flies,
And ſhuts and opens more than half the ſkies:
The croſs ſo ſtrong a red, it ſheds a ſtain,
Where'er it floats, on earth, in air, or main;
Fluſhes the hill, and ſets on fire the wood,
And turns the deep-dy'd ocean into blood.

Oh formidable glory! dreadful bright!
Refulgent torture to the guilty ſight.
Ah turn, unwary muſe, nor dare reveal
What horrid thoughts with the polluted dwell.
Say not, (to make the ſun ſhrink in his beam)
Dare not affirm, they wiſh it all a dream;
Wiſh, or the ſouls may with their limbs decay,
Or God be ſpoil'd of his eternal ſway.
But rather, if thou know'ſt the means, unfold
How they with tranſport may the ſcene behold.

Ah how! but by repentance, by a mind
Quick and ſevere its own offence to find?
By tears, and groans, and never-ceaſing care,
And all the pious violence of pray'r?
Thus then, with fervency till now unknown,
I caſt my heart before th' eternal throne,
In this great temple, which the ſkies ſurround,
For homage to its lord a narrow bound.

" O thou! whoſe balance does the mountains
" weigh,
" Whoſe will the wild tumultuous ſeas obey,
" Whoſe breath can turn thoſe watry worlds to flame,
" That flame to tempeſt, and that tempeſt tame;
" Earth's meaneſt ſon, with trembling, proſtrate falls,
" And on the plenty of thy goodneſs calls.

" Ah! give the winds all paſt offence to ſweep,
" To ſcatter wide, and bury in the deep:
" Thy pow'r, my weakneſs may I ever ſee,
" And wholly dedicate my ſoul to thee.
" Reign o'er my will; my paſſions ebb and flow
" At thy command, nor human motive know!
" If anger boil, let anger be my praiſe,
" And ſin the graceful indignation raiſe.
" My love be warm to ſuccour the diſtreſs'd,
" And lift the burden from the ſoul oppreſs'd.

" Oh may my underſtanding ever read
" This glorious volume, which thy wiſdom made!
" Who decks the maiden ſpring with flow'ry pride?
" Who calls forth ſummer like a ſparkling bride?

" Who

" Who joys the mother-autumn's bed to crown?
" And bids old winter lay her honours down?
" Not the great Ottoman, or greater Czar,
" Not Europe's arbitreſs of peace and war:
" May ſea and land, and earth and heav'n be join'd,
" To bring th' eternal Author to my mind!
" When oceans roar, or awful thunders roll,
" May thoughts of thy dread vengeance ſhake my ſoul;
" When earth's in bloom, or planets proudly ſhine,
" Adore, my heart, the Majeſty divine.

" Thro' every ſcene of life, or peace, or war,
" Plenty, or want, thy glory be my care!
" Shine we in arms? or ſing beneath our vine?
" Thine is the vintage, and the conqueſt thine:
" Thy pleaſure points the ſhaft, and bends the bow;
" The cluſter blaſts, or bids it richly flow;
" 'Tis thou that lead'ſt our powerful armies forth,
" And giv'ſt great Anne thy ſceptre o'er the north.

" Grant I may ever, at the morning ray,
" Open with pray'r the conſecrated day;
" Tune thy great praiſe, and bid my ſoul ariſe,
" And with the mounting ſun aſcend the ſkies;
" As that advances, let my zeal improve,
" And glow with ardour of conſummate love;
" Nor ceaſe at eve, but with the ſetting ſun
" My endleſs worſhip ſhall be ſtill begun.

" And oh! permit the gloom of ſolemn night
" To ſacred thought may forcibly invite,

" When this world's ſhut, and awful planets riſe,
" Call on our minds, and raiſe them to the ſkies;
" Compoſe our ſouls with a leſs dazzling ſight,
" And ſhew all nature in a milder light;
" How every boiſtrous thought in calm ſubſides!
" How the ſmooth'd ſpirit into goodneſs glides!
" O how divine! to tread the milky way,
" To the bright palace of the Lord of day;
" His court admire, or for his favour ſue,
" Or leagues of friendſhip with his ſaints renew;
" Pleas'd to look down, and ſee the world aſleep,
" While I long vigils to its Founder keep.

" Canst thou not ſhake the centre? Oh controul,
" Subdue by force the rebel in my ſoul:
" Thou, who can'ſt ſtill the raging of the flood,
" Reſtrain the various tumults of my blood;
" Teach me with equal firmneſs to ſuſtain
" Alluring pleaſure and aſſaulting pain.
" O may I pant for thee in each deſire!
" And with ſtrong faith foment the holy fire!
" Stretch out my ſoul in hope, and graſp the prize,
" Which in eternity's deep boſom lyes!
" At the great day of recompenſe behold,
" Devoid of fear, the fatal book unfold!
" Then, wafted upward to the bliſsful ſeat,
" From age to age my grateful ſong repeat;
" My Light, my Life, my God, my Saviour ſee,
" And rival angels in the praiſe of Thee."

THE

THE LAST DAY.

BOOK III.

Eſſe quoque in fatis reminiſcitur affore tempus,
Quo mare, quo tellus, correptaque regia cœli
Ardeat, & mundi moles operoſa laboret.

OVID. MET.

THE book unfolding, the reſplendent ſeat
Of ſaints and angels, the tremendous fate
Of guilty ſouls, the gloomy realms of woe,
And all the horrors of the world below,
I next preſume to ſing: what yet remains
Demands my laſt, but moſt exalted ſtrains.
And let the muſe or now affect the ſky,
Or in inglorious ſhades for ever lye.
She kindles, ſhe 's inflam'd ſo near the goal;
She mounts, ſhe gains upon the ſtarry pole;
The world grows leſs as ſhe purſues her flight,
And the ſun darkens to her diſtant ſight.
Heav'n, opening all its ſacred pomp, diſplays,
And overwhelms her with the ruſhing blaze!
The triumph rings! archangels ſhout around!
And echoing nature lengthens out the ſound!

TEN thouſand trumpets now at once advance;
Now deepeſt ſilence lulls the vaſt expanſe;

So deep the ſilence, and ſo ſtrong the blaſt,
As nature dy'd, when ſhe had groan'd her laſt.
Nor man nor angel moves; the judge on high
Looks round, and with his glory fills the ſky:
Then on the fatal book his hand he lays,
When high to view ſupporting ſeraphs raiſe;
In ſolemn form the rituals are prepar'd,
The ſeal is broken, and a groan is heard.
Not guilty fear, nor fancy's ſelf can draw
A meeting more auguſt, of greater awe.
And thou, my ſoul, (oh fall to ſudden pray'r,
And let the thought ſink deep!) ſhalt thou be there?

See on the left, (for by the great command
The throng divided falls on either hand)
How weak, how pale, how haggard, how obſcene,
What more than death in every face and mein!
With what diſtreſs, and glarings of affright,
They ſhock the heart, and turn away the ſight!
In gloomy orbs their trembling eye-balls roll,
And tell the horrid ſecrets of the ſoul.
Each geſture mourns, each look is black with care,
And ev'ry groan is laden with deſpair.
Reader, if guilty, ſpare the muſe, and find
A truer image pictur'd in thy mind.

Should'st thou behold thy brother, father, wife,
And all the ſoft companions of thy life,
Whoſe blended int'reſts levell'd at one aim,
Whoſe mix'd deſires ſend up one common flame,
Divided far; thy wretched ſelf alone
Caſt on the left, of all whom thou haſt known;

How

How would it wound? what millions would'ſt thou give
For one more trial, one day more to live?
Flung back in time an hour, a moment's ſpace,
To graſp with eagerneſs the means of grace;
Contend for mercy with a pious rage,
And in that moment to redeem an age?
Drive back the tide, ſuſpend a ſtorm in air,
Reſtrain the ſun; but ſtill of this deſpair.

MARK, on the right, how amiable a grace!
Their maker's image freſh in ev'ry face!
What purple bloom my raviſh'd ſoul admires,
And their eyes ſparkling with immortal fires!
Triumphant beauty! charms that riſe above
This world, and in bleſt angels kindle love!
To the great judge with holy pride they turn,
And dare behold th' Almighty's anger burn;
Its flaſh ſuſtain, againſt its terror riſe,
And on the dread tribunal fix their eyes.
Are theſe the forms that moulder'd in the duſt?
Oh the tranſcendent glory of the juſt!
Yet ſtill ſome thin remains of fear and doubt
Th' infected brightneſs of their joy pollute.

THUS the chaſte bridegroom, when the prieſt draws nigh,
Beholds his bleſſing with a trembling eye;
Feels doubtful paſſions throb in every vein,
And in his cheeks are mingled joy and pain;
Leſt ſtill ſome interveening chance ſhould riſe,
Leap forth at once, and ſnatch the glorious prize.

Inflame his woe, by bringing it ſo late,
And ſtab him in the criſis of his fate.

Since Adam's family, from firſt to laſt,
Now into one diſtinct ſurvey is caſt,
Look round, vain-glorious muſe, and you whoe'er
Devote yourſelves to Fame, and think her fair,
Look round, and view the lights of human race,
Whoſe ſhining acts time's brighteſt annals grace;
Who founded ſects, crowns conquer'd, or reſign'd,
Gave names to nations, or fam'd empires join'd;
Who rais'd the vale, and laid the mountain low,
And taught obedient rivers where to flow;
Who with vaſt fleets, as with a mighty chain,
Could bind the madneſs of the roaring main;
All loſt! all undiſtinguiſh'd! no where found!
How will this truth in Bourbon's palace ſound?
Round gilded roofs how heavy will it fly?
With what a weight on crowns and ſceptres lye?
E'en great and good Augustus is not ſeen,
Nor haughty Babylon's victorious queen.

What then is he, * who, 'midſt the radiant bands
Of ſpotleſs ſaints, and laurel'd martyrs, ſtands,
Conſpicuous from afar? whoſe rays ſo bright
Sollicit and attract the raviſh'd ſight:
In whom I ſee two diſtant virtues join'd,
A royal greatneſs, and an humble mind;
His lifted hands his lofty neck ſurround,
To hide the ſcarlet of a circling wound;

* King Charles I.

Th'

Th' almighty judge bends foreward from his throne,
These scars to mark, and then regards his own.
Jerusalem's foundations groan aloud,
And Albion sinks beneath her ambient flood.

Not far, methinks, I kindred-features trace
In a majestic, tho' a female face,
Her consort by; around them smiling move
The beauteous blossoms of their fruitful love:
Known of their parents, they their parents know,
Their bosoms with a double transport glow;
Blest in themselves, but more than blest to find
All held most dear in equal blessing join'd.
In one superior majesty appears,
Advanc'd in beauty as advanc'd in years.
What melting sweetness, what commanding grace
Meet on his brow, like victory and peace?
Oh! to what fav'rite part of human-kind
Was this so great, but dang'rous gift design'd?
What nation humbly cou'd enjoy his reign?
If lost, with patience such a loss sustain?

Ah, say Britannia, whence this vengeance flow'd?
Hast thou not yet aton'd thy martyr's blood?
Edwards and Henrys still aloud resound;
Nor are their names in greater Gloster drown'd:
Oh! what a godlike race in him is lost?
What has his death ev'n future ages cost?

But us'd with art, and rightly understood,
All dispensations from above are good;

And

And tho' with frightful aſpect they ſurpriſe,
Moſt ills are only bleſſings in diſguiſe.
Oh! happy iſſue! to whom ne'er was known
The bright temptations ſparkling from a throne;
Great parents! who thoſe bright temptations knew,
Knowing engag'd, engaging overthrew.

Now, juſt reward! celeſtial crowns incloſe
With deathleſs glories your victorious brows.
For ſee the volume vaſt, ſince time begun
Juſt regiſter of all beneath the ſun,
Is thrown full wide; peace ocean! ſilence lull
The ſounding winds! ye ſpheres forbear to roll!
Hear, O creation, thy great Maſter ſpeak!
Now firſt for guilty man bleſt angels ſhake.

That hour, on which th' almighty king on high
From all eternity has fix'd his eye,
Whether his right-hand favour'd, or annoy'd,
Continu'd, alter'd, threaten'd, or deſtroy'd,
Southern or eaſtern ſceptre downward hurl'd,
Gave north and weſt dominion o'er the world;
The point of time for which the world was built,
For which the blood of God himſelf was ſpilt,
That dreadful moment is arriv'd.

Aloft the ſeats of bliſs their pomp diſplay,
Brighter than brightneſs, the diſtinguiſh'd day;
Leſs glorious, when of old th' eternal Son
From realms of night return'd with trophies won;
Thro' heav'ns high gates when he triumphant rode,
And ſhouting angels hail'd the victor God.

Horrors

Horrors beneath, darkneſs in darkneſs, hell
Of hell, where torments behind torments dwell;
A furnace formidable, deep and wide,
O'erboiling with a mad ſulphureous tide,
Expands its jaws, moſt dreadful to ſurvey,
And roars outrageous for the deſtin'd prey.
The ſons of light ſcarce unappal'd look down,
And nearer preſs heav'n's everlaſting throne.

Such is the ſcene, and one ſhort moment's ſpace
Concludes the hopes and fears of human race.
Proceed who dares----I tremble as I write;
The whole creation ſwims before my ſight:
I ſee, I ſee the Judge's frowning brow;
Say not 'tis diſtant, I behold it now;
I faint, my tardy blood forgets to flow,
My ſoul recoils at the ſtupendous woe;
That woe, thoſe pangs, which from the guilty breaſt,
In theſe, or words like theſe, ſhall be expreſt.

" Who burſt the barriers of my peaceful grave?
" Ah! cruel death, that wou'd no longer ſave,
" But grudg'd me ev'n that narrow dark abode,
" And caſt me out into the wrath of God;
" Where ſhrieks, the roaring flame, the rattling chain,
" And all the dreadful eloquence of pain,
" Our only ſong; black fire's malignant light,
" The ſole refreſhment of the blaſted ſight.

" Muſt all thoſe pow'rs heav'n gave me to ſupply
" My ſoul with pleaſure, and bring in my joy,

" Riſe

" Riſe up in arms againſt me, join the foe,
" Senſe, reaſon, memory, increaſe my woe?
" And ſhall my voice, ordain'd on hymns to dwell,
" Corrupt to groans, and blow the fires of hell?
" Oh! muſt I look with terror on my gain,
" And with exiſtence only meaſure pain!
" What! no reprieve, no leaſt indulgence giv'n,
" No beam of hope from any point of heav'n!
" Ah! mercy! mercy! art thou dead above?
" Is love extinguiſh'd in the ſource of love?

" Bold that I am, did heav'n ſtoop down to hell?
" Th' expiring lord of life my ranſom ſeal?
" Have I not been induſtrious to provoke;
" From his embraces obſtinately broke;
" Purſu'd and panted for his mortal hate;
" Earn'd my deſtruction, labour'd out my fate?
" And dare I on extinguiſh'd love exclaim?
" Take, take full vengeance, rouze the ſlack'ning
" flame;
" Juſt is my lot---But, oh! muſt it tranſcend
" The reach of time, deſpair a diſtant end?
" With dreadful growth ſhoot foreward, and ariſe,
" Where thought can't follow, and bold fancy dies!

" Never! where falls the ſoul at that dread
" ſound?
" Down an abyſs how dark, and how profound?
" Down, down (I ſtill am falling, horrid pain!)
" Ten thouſand thouſand fathoms ſtill remain;
" My plunge but ſtill begun---And this for ſin?
" Cou'd I offend, if I had never been,

" But

" But ſtill increas'd the ſenſeleſs happy maſs,
" Flow'd in the ſtream, or flouriſh'd in the graſs?
" Father of mercies! why from ſilent earth
" Did'ſt thou awake, and curſe me into birth?
" Tear me from quiet, raviſh me from night,
" And make a thankleſs preſent of thy light?
" Puſh into being a reverſe of thee,
" And animate a clod with miſery?

" The beaſts are happy, they come forth and keep
" Short watch on earth, and then lye down to ſleep.
" Pain is for man; and oh! how vaſt a pain
" For crimes which made the Godhead bleed in vain?
" Stifled his groans, as far as in them lay,
" And flung his agonies and death away?
" As our dire puniſhment for ever ſtrong,
" Our conſtitution too for ever young,
" Curs'd with returns of vigour ſtill the ſame,
" Powerful to bear, and ſatisfy the flame.
" Still to be caught, and ſtill to be purſu'd!
" To periſh ſtill, and ſtill to be renew'd!

" And this, my help! my God! at thy decree?
" Nature is chang'd, and hell ſhould ſuccour me.
" And can'ſt thou then look down from perfect bliſs,
" And ſee me plunging in the dark abyſs,
" Calling thee father in a ſea of fire,
" Or pouring blaſphemies at thy deſire!
" With mortals anguiſh wilt thou raiſe thy name,
" And by my pangs omnipotence proclaim!

" Thou

" Thou who canſt toſs the planets to and fro,
" Contract not thy great vengeance to my woe:
" Cruſh worlds; in hotter flames fall'n angels lay;
" On me almighty wrath is caſt away.
" Call back thy thunders, Lord, hold in thy rage,
" Nor with a ſpeck of wretchedneſs engage:
" Forget me quite, nor ſtoop a worm to blame,
" But loſe me in the greatneſs of thy name.
" Thou art all love, all mercy, all divine,
" And ſhall I make thoſe glories ceaſe to ſhine?
" Shall ſinful man grow great by his offence,
" And from its courſe turn back omnipotence?

" Forbid it! and oh! grant, great God, at leaſt
" This one, this ſlender, almoſt no requeſt;
" When I have wept a thouſand lives away,
" When torment is grown weary of its prey,
" When I have rav'd ten thouſand years in fire,
" Ten thouſand thouſands, let me then expire."

Deep anguiſh! but too late; the hopeleſs ſoul,
Bound to the bottom of the burning pool,
Though loth, and every loud blaſpheming owns
He's juſtly doom'd to pour eternal groans;
Enclos'd with horrors, and transfix'd with pain,
Rolling in vengeance, ſtruggling with his chain:
To talk to fiery tempeſts, to implore
The raging flame to give its burnings o'er,
To toſs, to writhe, to pant beneath his load,
And bear the weight of an offended God.

The favour'd of their Judge in triumph move
To take poſſeſſion of their thrones above;
Satan's accurs'd deſertion to ſupply,
And fill the vacant ſtations of the ſky;
Again to kindle long extinguiſh'd rays,
And with new lights dilate the heav'nly blaze;
To crop the roſes of immortal youth,
And drink the fountain-head of ſacred truth;
To ſwim in ſeas of bliſs, to ſtrike the ſtring,
And lift the voice to their Almighty king;
To loſe eternity in grateful lays,
And fill heav'n's wide circumference with praiſe.

But I attempt the wondrous height in vain,
And leave unfiniſh'd the too lofty ſtrain:
What boldly I begin, let others end;
My ſtrength exhauſted, fainting I deſcend,
And chuſe a leſs, but no ignoble theme,
Diſſolving elements, and worlds in flame.

The fatal period, the great hour is come,
And nature ſhrinks at her approaching doom;
Loud peals of thunder give the ſign, and all
Heav'n's terrors in array ſurround the ball;
Sharp lightnings with the meteors blaze conſpire,
And darted downward ſet the world on fire;
Black riſing clouds the thicken'd æther choke,
And ſpiry flames ſhoot thro' the rolling ſmoke,
With keen vibrations cut the ſullen night,
And ſtrike the darken'd ſky with dreadful light;
From heaven's four regions, with immortal force,
Angels drive on the wind's impetuous courſe,

T'enrage

T'enrage the flame; it ſpreads, it ſoars on high,
Swells in the ſtorm, and billows thro' the ſky.
Here winding pyramids of fire aſcend,
Cities and deſarts in one ruin blend;
Here blazing volumes wafted overwhelm
The ſpacious face of a far diſtant realm:
There, undermin'd, down ruſh eternal hills,
The neighb'ring vales the vaſt deſtruction fills.

Hear'st thou that dreadful crack, that ſound which broke
Like peals of thunder, and the centre ſhook?
What wonders muſt that groan of nature tell?
Olympus there, and mightier Atlas fell,
Which ſeem'd above the reach of fate to ſtand,
A tow'ring monument of God's right-hand;
Now duſt and ſmoke, whoſe brow ſo lately ſpread
O'er ſhelter'd countries its diffuſive ſhade.

High 'midſt the clouds the boiling ocean rores,
And looks far down on his decreaſing ſhores;
Leviathans in plaintive thunder cry,
In diſtant, diſmal pants the long-liv'd echoes die.

Shew me that celebrated ſpot, where all
The various rulers of the ſever'd ball
Have humbly ſought wealth, honour, and redreſs,
That land which heav'n ſeem'd diligent to bleſs,
Once call'd Britannia: can her glories end?
And can't furrounding ſeas her realms defend?
Alas, in flames behold ſurrounding ſeas!
And all their waters but augment the blaze.

Some

SOME angel ſay, where ran proud Aſia's bound,
Or where with fruits was fair Europa crown'd?
Where ſtretch'd waſte Lybia? where did India's ſtore
Sparkle in diamonds, and her golden ore?
Each loſt in each, their mingling kingdoms glow,
And all diſſolv'd, one fiery deluge flow:
Thus earth's contending monarchies are join'd,
And a full period of ambition find.

AND now whate'er or ſwims, or walks, or flies,
Inhabitants of ſea, of earth, or ſkies;
All on whom ADAM's wiſdom fix'd a name,
All plunge and periſh in the conqu'ring flame.

THIS globe alone would but defraud the fire,
Starve its devouring rage: the flakes aſpire,
And catch the clouds, and make the heavens their prey;
The ſun, the moon, the ſtars all melt away,
And leave a mighty blank: involv'd in flame,
The whole creation ſinks! the glorious frame,
In which ten thouſand worlds, in radiant dance,
Orb above orb, their wondrous courſe advance,
By that o'er-ruling hand, which kindled all
The ſtars, and rounded in its palm the ball,
Is cruſh'd and loſt; no monument, no ſign,
Where once ſo proudly blaz'd the gay machine.
So bubbles on the foaming ſtream expire,
So ſparks that ſcatter from the kindling fire;
The devaſtations of one dreadful hour,
The great Creator's ſix days work devour.

How

How rich that God who can ſuch charge defray,
And bear to fling ten thouſand worlds away!
Great wealth! and yet (ye nations hear!) one ſoul
Has more to boaſt, and far outweighs the whole;
Exalted in ſuperior excellence,
Caſts down to nothing ſuch a vaſt expenſe.
Have ye not ſeen th' eternal mountains nod,
An earth diſſolving, a deſcending God?
What ſtrange ſurprizes thro' all nature ran?
For whom theſe revolutions, but for man?
For him Omnipotence new meaſures takes,
For him through all eternity awakes;
Pours on him gifts ſufficient to ſupply
Heav'n's loſs, and with freſh glories fill the ſky.

Think deeply then, O man, how great thou art,
Pay thyſelf homage with a trembling heart;
What angels guard, no longer dare neglect,
Slighting thyſelf, affront not God's reſpect.
Enter the ſacred temple of thy breaſt,
And gaze, and wander there a raviſh'd gueſt;
Gaze on thoſe hidden treaſures thou ſhalt find,
Wander thro' all the glories of thy mind.
Of perfect knowledge, ſee, the dawning light
Foretels a noon moſt exquiſitely bright!
Here ſprings of endleſs joy are breaking forth!
There buds the promiſe of celeſtial worth!
Worth which muſt ripen in a happier clime,
And brighter ſun, beyond the bounds of time.
Thou, minor, can'ſt not gueſs thy vaſt eſtate,
What ſtores, on foreign coaſts, thy landing wait.

Loſe

Loſe not thy claim, let virtue's paths be trod;
Thus glad all heav'n, and pleaſe that bounteous God,
Who, to light thee to pleaſures, hung on high
Yon radiant orb, proud regent of the ſky:
That ſervice done, its beams ſhall fade away,
And God ſhine forth in one eternal day.

THE

How rich that God who can ſuch charge defray,
And bear to fling ten thouſand worlds away!
Great wealth! and yet (ye nations hear!) one ſoul
Has more to boaſt, and far outweighs the whole;
Exalted in ſuperior excellence,
Caſts down to nothing ſuch a vaſt expenſe.
Have ye not ſeen th' eternal mountains nod,
An earth diſſolving, a deſcending God?
What ſtrange ſurprizes thro' all nature ran?
For whom theſe revolutions, but for man?
For him Omnipotence new meaſures takes,
For him through all eternity awakes;
Pours on him gifts ſufficient to ſupply
Heav'n's loſs, and with freſh glories fill the ſky.

Think deeply then, O man, how great thou art,
Pay thyſelf homage with a trembling heart;
What angels guard, no longer dare neglect,
Slighting thyſelf, affront not God's reſpect.
Enter the ſacred temple of thy breaſt,
And gaze, and wander there a raviſh'd gueſt;
Gaze on thoſe hidden treaſures thou ſhalt find,
Wander thro' all the glories of thy mind.
Of perfect knowledge, ſee, the dawning light
Foretels a noon moſt exquiſitely bright!
Here ſprings of endleſs joy are breaking forth!
There buds the promiſe of celeſtial worth!
Worth which muſt ripen in a happier clime,
And brighter ſun, beyond the bounds of time.
Thou, minor, can'ſt not gueſs thy vaſt eſtate,
What ſtores, on foreign coaſts, thy landing wait.

Loſe

Loſe not thy claim, let virtue's paths be trod;
Thus glad all heav'n, and pleaſe that bounteous God,
Who, to light thee to pleaſures, hung on high
Yon radiant orb, proud regent of the ſky:
That ſervice done, its beams ſhall fade away,
And God ſhine forth in one eternal day.

THE